PARTY-SATIRE

SATIRIZED.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

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A

POEM.

——"*Tanti non es*," *ais*—"*Sapis*, Luperce." MARTIAL.

"You're no such mighty Wit," *Lupercus* cries—
"You're right, *Lupercus*"—There my *Error* lies.

LONDON,
Printed for S. BLADON, No. 13, in Pater-Noster-Row.
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PREFACE.

SOME late *patriotic* Publications, containing many faſhionably-licentious Sentiments, might have called forth a much abler Champion than the Author in Defence of true Patriotiſm and ſound Policy. How it happens that the Muſes have of late deſerted the Fields of *Fancy*, to beat about the thorny Buſh of *Politics*, is not my Buſineſs to inquire: I ſhall only take the Liberty to affirm, that *political Satire*, like every other Species of Poetry, has its juſt Limits. It ſhould not, methinks, preſume to exceed the Bounds of Loyalty or Decency. Thus rationally circumſcribed, every Author has a Right to enjoy and maintain his own Opinion, in a free Country, in Verſe or Proſe. Such particular Productions as I have glanced at in my Performance, I do not mean to cenſure ſo much for Want of *poetical*, as *political* and *rational* Propriety—they do not ſeem ſo faulty in Point of *Rhyme* as *Reaſon*. In a Word, though their Diction and Numbers might do no Diſhonour to a

ſounder Judgment, yet the moſt elegant Productions cannot ſufficiently apologize for patriotic Prejudice, and Severity carried to an enthuſiaſtic Exceſs. A Satiriſt, however *claſſical*, may yet be an apparent Enemy to the *Britiſh* Government and Conſtitution. Thus far the ingenious Authors hinted at will permit me to declare my Sentiments as a *Purchaſer*; at the ſame Time wiſhing that they would return into the true *poetical* Track, in which they probably might, with greater Honour to themſelves, give full Scope to the natural Heat of their Imaginations. In the Fields of *Fancy* they might ſoar at Pleaſure upon the boldeſt Wings, unclipped by ſatiric Cenſure, and merited Reproof.

Party-

Party-Satire Satirized, &c.

PATIENCE aſſiſt me! muſt my Ears ſtill ring
With *N-rth*, *B-te*, *M---f---d*, Commons, Lords, and King?
Odes and *Epiſtles* muſt I ſtill ſuſtain,
Whilſt all the *Nine* paſs Sentence on *G-rm--ne?*
Muſt Bards entomb'd be plunder'd for apt Scrolls,
And *Shakeſpear*'s Wit dreſs out a new *Parolles* * ?
On *Majeſty* muſt Satire's Strength be try'd,
And *Treaſons* from *Parnaſſus* roll a Tide?

* Alluding to the Motto of a new Publication called *Captain Parolles at Minden.*

The

The *Fav'rite* ſtares *North-Britons* in the Face,
And Slander ſpits her Venom at the *Mace**.
In this bold Age the Baby beats the Nurſe;
Chaſte *Thurlow* trembles whilſt he bears the Purſe.
The teeming Preſs falſe Appetite ſupplies
With Crops of Libels and diurnal Lies.
Ev'n *Mansfield*'s Charge with *Special Juries* fails,
And Juſtice diſappointed drops her Scales.
When may this Age of *Politicians* hope
To ſee another *Dryden*, or a *Pope*?
With temp'rate Fires what modern Poets burn?
Chaſte *Elegy* ſtill weeps o'er *Hammond*'s Urn.
Like *Collins* now what Shepherd tunes his Lay?
Or when will *Fancy* form another *Gray*?

* The above Lines are levelled at ſome late *patriotic Publications*, as the *Minority* would ſtyle them. Indeed, this whole Satire turns upon this frantic Spirit of *political Fanaticiſm*, as the *Reviewers* have juſtly called it. Thoſe ſeveral Pieces are not ſaid to be defective either in Poetry or Verſification: Whether they are deficient in Point of *Reaſon*, the Author of this little Poem had a Right, as a *Purchaſer*, to determine for himſelf; and, as he conceives, without Offence to, perhaps, a better Poet than himſelf.

See *Pindus* a *deſerted Village** grown!
To *Goldſmith*'s Tomb the plaintive *Nine* are flown.
Simplicity laments her fav'rite Child,
And, ſince ſhe clos'd her *Goldſmith*'s Eyes, ne'er ſmil'd.
No Muſe could ſoothe her tender Breaſt, ſtill ſore
With heart-felt Grief for *Shenſtone*'s Loſs before.
Unleſs *Apollo* point it, who ſhall dare
Uſurp ſatiric *Churchill*'s vacant Chair?
Without Preſumption wave that bloody Pen
Which rous'd the ſlumb'ring *Furies* in their Den;
From either Peſt envenom'd Rage collect,
And turn 'em looſe with all their Snakes erect?
That feather'd Poniard *Churchill* beſt could graſp,
Whoſe Tube diſtill'd the Poiſon of an Aſp.
Beneath its Stroke, fear'd like the Paſſing-Bell,
Stateſmen turn'd pale, ev'n *Satire*'s† Viſage fell.

* Alluding to Dr. *Goldſmith*'s elegant Poem ſo called.

† Alluding to that celebrated ſatiric Painter the late ingenious Mr. *Hogarth*, whoſe Days are ſaid to have been ſhortened by *Churchill*'s Pen. The Story is well known.

What Wonder that it ſpar'd no Siſter-Art,
When *Royalty* itſelf was ſeen to ſtart*?
Now, like a peeviſh Child, each Bard rebels,
And in *Heroics* impotently ſwells;
Or elſe the groaning Preſs with *Lyrics* loads,
And turns *Great-Britain* to a Land of *Odes:*
No more, alas! the Seat of nervous Song;
Weak grow our Fancies, and our Paſſions ſtrong.
Stiff Prejudice bids ſlighted Reaſon yield,
And madly chaces Judgment from the Field.
The tuneful *Nine* a trait'rous Harveſt ſcares,
And all *Parnaſſus* is o'er-run with Tares.
Yet in a *Brunſwic*'s Reign no Fool ſhall bleed;
He wiſely views the *Grain*, and ſpurns the *Weed*.
Thus upſtart Scribblers, when neglected, ſink,
And help t' enrich that Clod in which they ſtink.

* At the audacious No. 45 of the *North-Briton*, and ſome other moſt licentious and indecent Strictures.

Our

Our Soil's too ſtrong for ſuch licentious Roots;
Rotten within, they make but feeble Shoots.
If, from our frantic Poetaſter's Seeds,
One Grain, by Chance, ſhould riſe among the Weeds,
The patient Gleaner, who can perſevere,
Muſt own *two Shillings** is three-fourths too dear.
Fancy's no more—each Bard's enliſted now
Into the Corps of *Waſhington*, or *Howe*.
His Product's an inanimate† dull Scroll;
No Poem, but a jingling Muſter-Roll:
In Senſe but ſparing, yet in Sound profuſe;
A Liſt of Names, well larded with Abuſe:
Where *Freedom*, link'd with *Party* Hand in Hand,
Weeps to behold *Britannia*'s Column ſtand;
And, full of Wine from *Lenity*'s rich Cup,
Calls in *Licentiouſneſs* to blow it up.

* Moſt of the temporary Productions alluded to ſold for 2s. each.

† Here the Author does not mean to be *general* in his Animadverſions, as if denying *poetic* Merit to *all* the Publications hinted at. Several of them may be *poetically* good, though *politically* bad, at leaſt in the Author's Opinion.

Well ſchool'd by *Price**, ſhe undertakes the Work,
Proud of her Leaders *Barré*, *Fox*, and *Burke*.
In humble Proſe unable to complete
Her Hopes, ſhe mounts upon poetic Feet,
Fans with *Parnaſſian* Gales her *Patriot*-Fires,
And makes her Offſprings worthy of their Sires.
Ill News in croaking Notes ſhe can rehearſe,
And frame *Impeachments* in heroic Verſe.
Falſehood, not *Fancy*, gives her Frenzies Aid,
While the Muſe ſtoops by Traitors to be paid;
Rebellious Ink in wild Profuſion ſpills,
And takes her Wages in *Boſtonian Bills*.
By mad Caprice, or *patriotic* Spite,
Induc'd for *Congreſs* glorioufly to write,
Each rhyming Garreteer, howe'er diſtreſs'd,
In *Tranſatlantic* Service would be preſs'd:

* Dr. *Price*—Author of a late Eſſay on *Liberty*.

Their

Their *Liberties*, like Sons of ancient *Rome*,
They prize too high to keep their Wits at Home:
For *injur'd*, *poor America** they bawl,
Rejoic'd † to ſee her riſe by *England*'s Fall;
Thus *Politics* make Rebels of us all.

Should *Poeſy* her Loyalty reſign,
With Panegyric decking *Treaſon*'s Shrine?
Why thither all her tuneful Tributes bring,
Unmindful of her Country, and her King?
Do Times like theſe no happier Subjects yield ‡,
When *George* and *Charlotte* take the tented Field?
Or, could the Muſe in calmer Strains delight,
Can *Windſor* furniſh out no pleaſing Sight;

* So ſhe has been lately called by ſome great Patriots.

† "I *rejoice* that America has *reſiſted*," ſaid a late *patriotic* Earl in the Houſe of Peers.

‡ Here the Reader may, if he pleaſes, overlook fifty-four Lines of ſubſequent *Digreſſion*, and return with the Author to the main Subject.

Where Scenes domeſtic, ſocial, and tranquil,
A Monarch's rarely-vacant Moments fill?
Uxorious and parental Comforts then
Rank one mild *Sov'reign* with the beſt of Men:
Painful Pre-eminence awhile ſuſpends
Her Cares, and views all Human-Kind as Friends:
O'er *George*'s Soul the milder Virtues beam,
And furniſh Poets with an *ethic* Theme.
O! for a Muſe like *Pope*'s, ere once I wrong
A fav'rite Subject by my ruſtic Song!
Then *Edward*'s Battlements*, with warlike Brow,
Should lour Protection o'er the Vales below:
Majeſtic Contraſt to that gentle Stream†
On whoſe freſh Banks enamour'd Naiads dream.
Here, *Fancy*, rove enraptur'd, and admire
Rich Landſcapes worthy of thy *Thomſon*'s Lyre‡.

* On *Windſor*-Caſtle, where *Edward* the IIId. was born.
† The *Thames*, winding through the Vale at the Foot of that ſuperb Caſtle at *Windſor*.
‡ Author of The *Seaſons*.

Sweet

Sweet Bard!—Alas! that Lyre is now unſtrung,
To which the gentleſt of our Shepherds ſung!
The bleating Lamb, the plaintive Heifer's Low,
The thrifty Bee's deep Hum, the tinkling Flow
Of babbling Rills their pebbly Beds along,
Mean in another's, grac'd thy *Mantuan* Song.
How oft hath Father *Thames* with ſilent Feet
Crept tow'rds his Banks to hear a Pipe ſo ſweet!
In Tranſport on his oozy Couch reclin'd,
To catch thy Notes when floating on the Wind,
Where *Richmond* waves aloft her tufted Head,
And bids her Wood-Nymphs dreſs thy graſſy Bed*.
The ſimple Primroſe there and Cowſlip ſpring;
Their flaunting Arms embracing Woodbines fling
Around thy laurell'd Tomb, which ev'ry Muſe
Sprinkles with *vernal* and *autumnal* Dews.

* Mr. *Thomſon* lies interred in the Church-yard at *Richmond*, in *Surry*.

In

In *Summer*'s Heat there *Phœbus* never glares,
And grateful *Winter* ev'ry Flow'ret ſpares.
There take thy ſainted Reſt, thou fav'rite Child
Of *Fancy!*—At thy Birth *Apollo* ſmil'd;
And, when no Art of his could ſave his Hope,
Enroll'd thee with his *Maro* and his *Pope*.
Still let me haunt thoſe Glades where once you trod,
O'er thy lov'd Streams ſtill poiſe my trembling Rod*;
Enraptur'd with thy tuneful Strains, recline
In Paſtures ſcented with ſweet-breathing Kine;
Now, loſt in Contemplation, heedleſs ſtray
O'er Meads where Ruſtics ſpread the new-mown Hay;
Anon, awaken'd by the late-yean'd Lamb,
Or tinkling Bell of venerable Ram,
Emerge from Thought (ſtill ſweeteſt when profound),
And mark "*each rural Sight, each rural Sound*,"

* Mr. *Thomſon* was fond of angling.

Nature's

Nature's ſoft Voice with fix'd Attention hear,
Nor grudge her Bard the Tribute of a Tear.
His tender Muſe from Obloquy refrain'd,
No Page of hers malignant *Satire* ſtain'd;
In Senſe refin'd, for Slander too humane,
His magic Lines were Antidotes to Pain.
Dear as his own he held his Neighbour's Eaſe;
He liv'd, and wrote, not to diſguſt, but pleaſe.
Of no cenſorious Caſt, his Leſſons tend
Not to chaſtiſe, like *Cato*'s*, but unbend.

From Fancy's Scenes what happy Bard would ſtray,
To toil where Satire points a dang'rous Way?
To *Libellers* Revenge and Law give Pain;
Wits have no Taſte for Piſtol, Sword, or Cane.
With Men of Senſe ſtrong Arguments prevail;
What's ſtronger than a Cudgel, or a Jail?

* The ſevere Stoic of *Utica*.

If with a *Fav'rite*'s Name your Verſe you tag,
Beware of *Informations*, and *Scan. Mag.*
A *Miniſter*, indeed, is cheaply hit;
You'll want no Plaudits, if you have but Wit.
But ſhould your Muſe attempt to play with Kings,
Let her take Heed—*Long Hands** are dang'rous Things.
Moſt Fools who ſcribble are from Fear exempt;
They earn a Meal, and hope to gain Contempt.
Should unexpected Puniſhment occur,
And laurell'd Fronts receive the Pill'ry's Slur;
Or *King*'s-*Bench Cenſors* lay an heavy Fine,
Beyond the Purſe of *Phœbus* and the *Nine*;
How will theſe Bards their guilty Fingers bite,
And curſe the Hour when firſt they learn'd to write!
At *Innuendos* ſhould a Jury's Noſe
Be good, with Sat'rifts then how hard it goes!

* A proverbial Saying—" Kings have *long Hands*."

The

The very Man who praiſes his Creator,
By one ſhrewd *Innuendo*'s made a *Traitor*.
Fix'd Guilt on Innocence thus *Pleaders** palm,
Whether ſhe quotes the *Criſis*†, or a *Pſalm*.
Each Reader has the Liberty to fill
A guilty Chaſm with *whom* and *what* he will.
All Patriot-Writers ſell their Party-Traſh
The better for an *Aſteriſk*, or *Daſh*.
Of the true Meaning Buyers are Imparters;
Daſhes may have their *Mitres*, *Stars* their *Garters*.
Shrewd *Daſhes* give all ſecret Satire Strength,
Tho' 'twere as well to write each Name at Length.
Theſe wicked Gaps portend ſome Treaſon budding:
Elſe why *one* Daſh to Ch-rch, and *two* to P-dd-ng‡?

* *Special Pleaders* for the Crown, the artful Inventors of *Innuendos* in State Perſecutions.

† A late weekly Paper ſo called, and deemed *treaſonable* in many Parts, but mildly and judiciouſly overlooked, as the Production of *Inſanity*.

‡ Alluding to the Faſhion of *daſhing* in Party-Pamphlets in Dr. *Sacheverel*'s Time, when *Ch-rch* and *K-ng* were ſo handſomely *daſhed* and pelted.

Like

Like *Oedipus* each ſubtle Reader pries,
And myſtic *Blanks* with his own Gueſs ſupplies.
With theſe but interſperſe th'*Italic* Type*,
And then for Sale the precious Piece is ripe.
On Terms like theſe who'd wiſh for *Dryden*'s Wit,
Or ſoothe with *Odes* the *Manes* of a *Pitt*?
To grudge no Praiſe, but give his Bards the moſt,
Such piteous Off'rings muſt enrage his Ghoſt.
Tell me, ye ſacred *Nine*, what's half ſo bad
As *Satire* flat, or *Panegyric* mad?
For Party-Slander now the Tide runs ſtrong;
Then who dares think a Patriot-Poet wrong?
Who dares preſcribe a Track to *Jehu*'s † Wheels,
Or tell ſuch Scribblers what a Reader feels?
With *Ethics* what have *Patriots* to do?
Can Verſe be plac'd in an immoral View?

* Our late Publications have abounded with *Italics*.

† In this Reſpect theſe *political* Bards are like the impetuous Son of *Nimſhi*, for they drive *furiouſly*.

Yes—

Yes—If Bards *libel*, Readers are as bad;
The laſt not blameleſs, tho' the firſt are mad.
Tho' Ink, like Blood, by *Principals* is ſpilt,
Purchaſing *Acceſſaries* ſhare the Guilt.
Their juſt Conviction from *Concurrence* flows;
Theſe the *Receivers*, and the *Murd'rers* Thoſe.
The Wretch who penn'd, or fail'd to burn the Lie,
By ancient *Rome*'s ſtrict Laws was doom'd to die:
No Authors there ſurviv'd the Libel's Fate,
And *Publiſhers* were Traitors to the State.
To this Decree would *Miniſters* attend,
And *penſion* no Detractor as a *Friend*;
Permit no Writers *of their own* to wound
A Name in their *Majority* not found;
Caſt off the Wretch to Poverty and Shame,
Who dar'd to ſully an *Opponent*'s Fame;
What Scribbler then, with adamantine Face,
And never-ceaſing Toil, would court Diſgrace,

Whilſt all Mankind ſincerely muſt deteſt
That Side the moſt which wrote a *Libel* beſt?
By Spleen, not Fire, our Poetaſters live:
Who can reſiſt that Zeſt which Dangers give?
All Rhyme's inſipid, and Abuſe dull Sport,
Unleſs they riſk the Sentence of a Court.
By old *Simonides* *, when Satire firſt,
A froward Brat, in Leading-Strings was nurſt,
The full-mouth'd *Doric* moſt ſhe try'd to ſpeak,
That fav'rite Dialect of Scolds in *Greek*.
O! that our Tongue ſuch Rumbling would allow!
How *Patriot*-Satiriſts would then *bow-wow!*
In *Billingſgate* bait Commons, Lords, and Crown!
No City Bells their brawling Muſe could drown:
Loud as a Sea broke looſe ſhe'd keep her Courſe,
For Marrowbones and Cleavers much too hoarſe.

* This old *Greek* Poet is eſteemed the earlieſt Satiriſt: His few Fragments ſhew him to have been a coarſe one.

Muſt

Muſt Satire then be vapid to be good?—
Pope drew the Laugh, and rougher *Churchill* Blood.—
Theſe Wits their Foes belabour'd with no Club;
That ſtung—*This* ſtabb'd—but neither us'd to *drub*.
In them *Britannia* boaſts, in them alone,
A *Juvenal* and *Horace* of her own.
Roſcommon, *Dryden*, gain'd *Apollo*'s Praiſe;
Donne, *Oldham*, *Young*, ſome ſcatter'd Sprigs of Bays.
Whilſt Theſe ſnatch'd Sparks, the Firſt caught Satire's Soul;
Their Steeds with Eaſe ſprung foremoſt to the Goal:
Whilſt others ſtrain'd, their Courſers did but breathe,
And without panting won th'*Olympic* Wreath.
Our Mimics of the *Pegaſean* Race,
Some few excepted, labour for Diſgrace.
Their Riders meanly keep mere Gain in View;
For that they ſtart, tho' mounted in *True Blue**.

* Vulgarly called *John Wilkes*'s Colour, indicating *Liberty*, *Property*, *Magna Charta*, &c.

No

No high-bred Sons of *Pegaſus* e'er *trod*;
They *ſkim* with winged Feet th' *Aonian* Sod.
Ours do not ſkim, but blunder o'er the Courſe,
As purſy as the City Marſhal's Horſe.
No Spirits finely touch'd extort Applauſe,
But Judges ſmile whilſt wheezing *Dobbin* draws.
Is this a *Pegaſus* for Satire fit?
Alas! he wants no ſharp reſtraining Bit;
The lumpiſh, flagging, waſhy Jade needs more
A *Rippon*-Spur plung'd Home in ev'ry Pore.
What Buyer mounts, what Jockey ſpurs, or flogs,
Such *Hacks* as ſhould be given to the Dogs?
By Chaps o'erlook'd, ſtill let 'em ſnort and blow,
Made up for Sale in *Pater-Noſter-Row* *.

Tho' *Libellers*, the Locuſts of our Soil,
With envious Tooth *Britannia*'s Fruits would ſpoil;

* The Land of *patriotic* Satire, and its grand *Emporium*.

Subordination

Subordination to Confuſion bring,
Fruſtrate her Councils, or dethrone her King;
Sack their own Capitol by *Gallic* Stealth,
Sink all Diſtinction in a Commonwealth;
Create thoſe Evils under which they groan,
Set up an hundred *Tyrants* of their own;
And wiſely perfect that judicious Plan,
Which Politician *Trinculo* * began:
Yet theſe *Utopian* Schemers of a Day
In their own Fooliſhneſs ſhall melt away;
From dull Epiſtles *Miniſters* be clear'd,
And Treaſon's Screech-Owls never more be heard.
To Chandlers Shops their Satire ſhall be toſt,
And Want of Buyers prove a fatal Froſt.
One Party-Scribbler ſtrikes out Sparks of Light,
Whilſt others ſhroud *Parnaſſus* in deep Night.

* See the drunken Boatſwain and Crew in *Shakeſpeare*'s *Tempeſt*, all of a *patriotic*, *reforming* Spirit, ſuggeſting Plans for an unexceptionable Government, after they had dethroned the *Proſpero* of the Iſland, according to the Scheme of their Leader *Caliban*.

Our myſtic *Ramſay** ſagely could deſcry
Dark Stars, whoſe Influence clouded all the Sky.
Soon as the tranſient Sun permits their Birth,
They caſt thick Gloom athwart the drowſy Earth.
Thus *tenebrific Rays* from many a Quill
In Clouds invelope all th' *Aonian* Hill:
In Conſort dull Fraternities ſeek Fame,
And in a Knot *dark Conſtellations* frame.
Theſe *Antiluminaries* of our Age
Have long, by Turns, excited Scorn and Rage.
Inſulted *Phœbus!* now ariſe, and clear
From theſe *dark Spots* thy letter'd Hemiſphere;
Acroſs th' *Atlantic* force 'em to take Flight,
And hide themſelves in their beloved Night.

* *William Ramſay*, a wild myſtic Pretender to the Science of Aſtrology. He wrote a Book called The Vindication of Aſtrology; in which he moſt profoundly aſſerts, "That the Abſence of the Sun is not the Cauſe of Night, but that there are certain tenebrificous and *dark Stars*, by whoſe Influence Night is brought on; which *dark Stars* do *ray* all our *Darkneſs* and Obſcurity upon the Earth, as the Sun rays Light."—The Author here takes the Liberty of conſidering ſome late *Party-Writers* in the ſame View as this profound Aſtrologer does his *dark Stars*.

Or,

Or, rather, with a cold contemptuous Eye
Paſs theſe *benighted* Poetaſters by;
Waſte not on Bodies ſo obſcure one Ray,
Nor turn their foggy Night to chearful Day.
Benighting, let them ſtill *benighted* live,
And ſhare as little Luſtre as they give.
They'll paſs unheeded while *Neglect* is ſhown;
For *Obſervation* will but make 'em known.
Thus, when an Inſect, much too ſmall for Sight,
Is brought by microſcopic Tubes to Light,
Our Notice (tho' not mov'd by what we feel)
Sets on a *Mite* a conſequential Seal;
Giving Importance to an Atom *mean*;
Which, if not *magnify'd*, had ne'er been ſeen.

11 : 7 : 49

FINIS.

Or, rather, with a cold contemptuous Eye
Pass these *benighted* Poetasters by;
Waste not on Bodies so obscure one Ray,
Nor turn their foggy Night to chearful Day.
Benighting, let them still *benighted* live,
And share as little Lustre as they give.
They'll pass unheeded while *Neglect* is shown;
For *Observation* will but make 'em known.
Thus, when an Insect, much too small for Sight,
Is brought by microscopic Tubes to Light,
Our Notice (tho' not mov'd by what we feel)
Sets on a *Mite* a consequential Seal;
Giving Importance to an Atom *mean*;
Which, if not *magnify'd*, had ne'er been seen.

F I N I S.